UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Celebrating Our Humanity

Featuring singers from the Faculty of Music and pianist Narmina Afandiyeva.

Celebrating Our Humanity is made possible in part by a generous gift from Marjorie Linden, in memory of Roy Linden.

Friday, February 27th, 2026, at 7:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queens Park

PROGRAM

บัวขาว [White Lotus]

M.L Puangroi Apaiwong (1914–2000)

Aimika Ketilson, mezzo-*soprano*

Сон [A Dream] (Six Songs, Op. 18, No. 5)

Они отвечали [They answered] (Twelve Romances, Op. 21, No. 4)

Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873–1943)

Katerina Monaco, *soprano*

Erosion

Jeanne Tsui (b. 2004)

Aimee Harness, *mezzo-soprano*; Adrian Tsui, *pianist*

永遠的故鄉 [Eternal Homeland]

Tyzen Hsiao (1938–2015)

Wen-Shan Wang, *soprano*

Mesec v izbi

Anton Lajovic (1878–1960)

Leah Markun, *soprano*

平城山 [Over the Hills of Nara]

Kozaburõ Y. Hirai (1910–2002)

Mathias Séror, *baritone*

We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years, it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures. Visit indigenous.utoronto.ca to learn more.

Le Bestiaire, Op. 22

II. Le lapin

IV. La colombe

Rachel Laurin (1961–2023)

Nathalie Winfield-Hicks, *soprano*

그리운 금강산 [Longing for Mt. Geumgang]

Yeong-Seop Choi (b. 1929)

Claire Jun, *soprano*

Cortadera, Plumerito (Flores Argentinas, No. 1)

Carlos Guastavino (1912–2000)

Nathaniel Kulin, *baritone*

La Steaua

Tudor Ciortea (1908–1982)

Emma Puscalau, *soprano*

Mathe Malayadwaja (Daru Varnam)

Muttayyah Bhaagavatar (1877–1945)

Vani Natarajan, *carnatic vocalist*; Sathish Venkatraman*, mridangist*;
Natarajan Vaidyanathan, *violonist*

Morning Song (Three Songs from Athena, No. 1)

Shruthi Rajasekar (b. 1996)

Mona Subramani, *mezzo-soprano*

Khaham keh bar Zolfat (Twelve Persian Folk-Songs, No. 3)

Arr. Blair Fairchild (1877–1933)

Melody Shafiee, *soprano*

Text and Translations

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บัวขาว

ท่านผู้หญิงพวงร้อย อภัยวงศ์

เห็นบัวขาวพราวอยู่ในบึงใหญ่
ดอกใบบุปผชาติสะอาดตา
น้ำใสไหลกระเซ็นเห็นตัวปลา
ว่ายวนไปมาน่าเอ็นดู

หมู่ภุมรินบินเวียนว่อน
คอยร่อนดมกลิ่นกินเกสร
พายเรือน้อยคล้อยเคลื่อนในสาคร
ค่อยพาจรห่างไปในกลางน้ำ

White Lotus
M.L Puangroi Apaiwong

I see white water lilies blooming in the vast pond,
Petals and leaves so pure and clean.
Clear water ripples, revealing the fish,
Swimming around, so endearing.

A swarm of bees flutters about,
Hovering to drink the sweet nectar.
A small boat drifts gently in the water,
Slowly carrying it away to the middle of the lake.

Сон
Taras Shevchenko

И у меня был край родной;
Прекрасен он!
Там ель качалась надо мной ...
Но то был сон!

Семья друзей жива была.
Со всех сторон
Звучали мне любви слова ...
Но то был сон!

A Dream

Once I had a native home,
It was beautiful!
A fir tree swayed over me there...
But that was just a dream!

A family of friends still lived then.
From all sides
came their words of love...
But that was just a dream!

Они отвечали
Мей Лев Александрович

Спросили они: «Как в летучих челнах
Нам белою чайкой скользить на волнах,
Чтоб нас сторожа не догнали?» —
«Гребите!» — они отвечали.

They Answered

They asked: ‘How, in flying boats,
Are we to glide across the waves, like a white seagull,
Lest the guards should catch us?’
‘Row!’, they answered.

Спросили они: «Как забыть навсегда,
Что в мире юдольном есть бедность, беда,
Что есть в нем гроза и печали?» —
«Засните!» — они отвечали.

Спросили они: «Как красавиц привлечь
Без чары, чтоб сами на страстную речь
Нам в объятия пали?» —
«Любите!» — они отвечали.

They asked: ‘How are we to forget for ever
That there is poverty and misfortune in this vale of tears,
That there is enmnity and sorrows?
‘Sleep’, they answered.

They asked: ‘How are we to win beauties
Without enchantment: so that our passionate words
Will make them fall into our embraces?
‘Love!’ they answered.

Erosion
E.J. Pratt

It took the sea a thousand years,
A thousand years to trace
The granite features of this cliff,
In crag and scarp and base.

It took the sea an hour one night,
An hour of storm to place
The sculpture of these granite seams
Upon a woman's face.

永遠的故鄉
吳景裕

看著是茫茫的海水
思念是遠遠的故鄉
三十年飛鳥在流浪
故鄉　我的故鄉

鼻著是芬芳的花味
風吹是靜靜的故鄉
一二叢蓮霧在開花
故鄉　我的故鄉

照著是白白的月光
出日是美麗的故鄉
三四甲稻仔在結穗

Eternal Homeland

Before me stretches the boundless sea;
my longing reaches toward a distant homeland.
For thirty years, like a wandering bird, I have roamed—
Homeland, my homeland.

What I breathe in is the fragrance of flowers;
the wind that blows is the quiet breath of my homeland.
One or two clusters of wax apples bloom—
Homeland, my homeland.

What shines upon me is the pale white moonlight;
at sunrise, the homeland is beautiful.
Three or four fields of rice set their ears—
Homeland, my homeland.

故鄉　我的故鄉

聽見是近近的笑聲
作夢是細漢的故鄉
五六隻蜻蜓在戲水
故鄉　我的故鄉

踏著是青青的土地
希望是永遠的故鄉
每一遍心內在叫我
故鄉　我的故鄉

What I hear is laughter drawing ever closer;
what I dream of is the homeland of my childhood.
Five or six dragonflies play upon the water—
Homeland, my homeland.

What I tread upon is green, living earth;
my hope is an eternal homeland.
Again and again, my heart calls out—
Homeland, my homeland.

Mesec v izbi
Original Chinese Poem by Li Bai
Slovenian translation by Oton Župančič

Svetlo pred posteljo, glej, mesec sije,

Kot kadar sneg blesteči vso zemljo pokrije.

Obrnem glavo navzgor... glej, mesec čist in tih.
Spet nagnem glavo... in k tebi v daljavo,

tja k tebi moj daljni dom, vas, mi splava tožen vzdih!

The Moon In the Room

Bright before the bed, look, the moon shines,

As when the snow glitters and covers the whole earth.
I turn my head upwards... look, the moon is pure and silent.
I tilt my head again... and towards you in the distance,
there towards you my distant home, my village,
I let out a mournful sigh!

平城山
北見志保子

ひと恋うは哀しきものと平城山に
もとほり来つつ堪え難かりき

いにしえも夫に恋いつつ越えしとう

平城山の路に涙おとしぬ

Over the Hills of Nara
Sihoko Kitami

To long for someone is a sorrowful thing
wandering back and forth over the hills of Nara,
it became unbearable to endure.
Even in ancient times, they say,
lovers crossed these hills yearning for their spouses;
on the road over Nara’s hills,
tears fell.

Le Bestiaire, ou Cortège d'Orphée
Guillaume Apollinaire

Le Lapin
Je connais un autre connin
Que tout vivant je voudrais prendre.
Sa garenne est parmi le thym
Des Vallons du pay de Tendre

The Rabbit
I know another rabbit
Which I would like to catch alive.
Her warren is among the thyme
In the vales of the Land of Love

La Colombe
Colombe, l'amour et l'esprit
Qui engendrâtes Jésus-Christ,
Comme vous, j'aime une Marie.
Qu'avec elle je me marie.

The Dove
Dove, love and spirit
Who begat Jesus Christ,
Like you, I love a Mary.
With her, I will marry.

그리운 금강산
한상억

누구의 주재런가 맑고 고운 산
그리운 만이천봉 말은 없어도
이제야 자유만민 옷깃 여미며
그 이름 다시 부를 우리 금강산

Longing for Mt. Geumgang
Sangeok Han

Whose creation might this be?
These mountains of such purity and grace.
Although those 12,000 peaks that we all yearn for haven't spoken…
At last, we the free people stand with our clothes straightened out,
That name we shall call upon again, our Kumgangsan.

비로봉 그 봉우리 예대로인가
흰 구름 솔바람도 무심히 가나
발 아래 산해 만 리 보이지 마라
우리 다 맺힌 슬픔 풀릴 때까지

Birobong, that highest peak, are you still as majestic as ever?
Do those white clouds and winds through the pine trees still float about aimlessly?
Miles upon miles of land and sea under our feet better not show themselves,
Until all of our pain and sorrow wash away.

수수만년 아름다운 산
더럽힌지 몇몇 해
오늘에야 찾을 날 왔다
금강산은 부른다.

For tens of thousands of years, such beautiful mountains have stood there,
Having been tarnished for years,
The day has finally come for us to reclaim it.
Kumgangsan is calling to us.

Cortadera, Plumerito
León Benarós

Cortadera, plumerito,
Cuánto nácar en el viento!
Recuerdos de Gus verdores
Me causan in sentimiento.
Ay, cuánto te necesito,
Trebolar donde vivía!
Podré volver algún día,
Cortadera, plumerito?
Por esos campos viví,
Provincia de bueno aires,
Y, abanicando los aires,
Por esos años te vi.

Cortadera, Little White Duster

White plume, little duster,
So pearly white in the wind!
Memories of your green grasses
Stir me deeply.
Oh! I need you so much,
Clover-fields where I once lived!
Will I return one day,
White plume, little duster?
I used to live in those fields,
In bueno aires province,
And, undulating in the wind,
During those years I saw you.

La Steua
Mihai Eminescu

La steaua care a rãsãrit
E-o cale atît de lungã,
Cã mii de ani i-au trebuit
Luminii sã ne-ajungã.
Poate de mult s-a stins în drum
în depãrtãri albastre,
Iar raza ei abia acum
Luci vederii noastre.
Icoana stelei ce-a murit
încet pe cer se suie;
Era pe cînd nu s-a zãrit,
Azi o vedem, si nu e.
Tot astfel când al nostru dor
Pieri în noapte-adîncã,
Lumina stinsului amor
Ne urmãreste încã.

The Star

To the star that rose
It's such a long road
That it took him thousands of years
for that light to reach us.
Maybe it died long ago on the way
in blue distances,
And her ray just now
Lights of our sight.
The icon of the star that died
slowly in the sky it rises;
It was when he didn't show up,
Today we see it, and it is not there
The same way when ours miss
Perish in the deep night,
The light of extinguished love
Follows us still

Mathe Malayadwaja

Mathe Malaya dhwaja pandya samjathe
mathanga vadana guha
Sakodari sankari Chamundeswari
chandrakaladari thaye gouri
da da ni da da ni da da ni da da ni pa ma
da da ni ri sa ni sa da ni sa da pa pa ma
da da ni ga ri ni ri sa ni da pa ni da ma
da da ma ga ma pa ma pa da da ni ni da
ma
da da ri sa ni da ni da da ma da ni ma ni
da da sa sa pa da ni da da ma ga ri sa ni

Mother Malayadwaja

O Mother! You are the daughter of the Pandya
king Malayadhwaja,
You are the lady with the face glowing green.

O Mother! You have the beauty of the moon.

You have the great expertise in all the arts,
You allow equal rights to all the creeds,
You are soft and sweet spoken,
You express affection in music and rhythm,

da da pa da da ni da da sa da ni da
ma ga ri sa ni da ni sa ni ni da da pa ma
Data sakala kala nipuna chathura
Data vividha matha samaya samarasa
Data sulabha hrudaya madhura vachana
Data sarasa ruchira tara swaralaya
Geetha sukada nija bhava rasikavara dhata
Mahisha suranada nalmadi srikrishna rajendra nadaya
Sada pore mahitha harikesa manohare sadaya

You inspire us with your beautiful and expressive song,
You have gained fame for killing the demon, Mahishasura,
You protect and care for Sri Krishna Rajendra, the Maharaja of Mysore,
Even pray to Siva and the mother Parvati.

Mother! You glow with the blue colour,
You care for the whole world,
You glow like a full moon.

Morning Song
Athena Kildegaard

Wash my hair, mother,
this last time, the weight
of it in your hands,
how the light lifts it up.

Dry my hair, Mother,
and comb it out,
pulling the morning's
warmth to the ends.

Mother, braid my hair,
your quick fingers turning
and turning beauty
into beauty, this last time.

Khaham keh bar Zolfat
Anonymous

Khaham keh bar zolfat, janam!
Zolfat, hardam zanam shaneh!
Tarsam parishan koni basi,
haleh harkasi, mesliman kasi,divaneh!

Khaham keh bar ruyat, janam!
Ruyat, hardam zanam buseh!
Tarsam keh jeihun koni basi,
haleh harkasi, mesliman kasi! Mastaneh!

I Wish I Could Run My Fingers Through Your Hair

I wish I could run my fingers through your hair, my love!
Your long hair, again and again I would comb it!
I fear you may make me too restless,
Since everybody who loves you becomes mad for love like me.

I wish I could give my life for your face, my love!
Your face, again and again I kiss it.
I fear you may turn me into a river of tears
since everybody who loves you becomes drunk with love like me.